THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE;

OR

Weekly Intelligence

IN THE CIVIL, NATURAL, MORAL, LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS WORLDS.

CALCULATED PARTICULARLY FOR THE PERUSAL OF THE YOUNG, AND THOSE OF RETIRED HABITS OF LIFE.

PUBLISHED INDEPENDENTLY OF ANY INTERESTED PARTY ATTACHMENT, AND WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO THE PRINCIPLES OF TRUTH AND PURITY.

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FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

ESSAYS, *Moral, Religious, Literary, and Philosophical.*

NO. XLI. *March* 25, 1805.

LIGHT.

" Seas, earth, and air with life replete,
" Exist but in thy fructuous *light*;
" Chaos, without thy vital *heat*,
" Had slept in sempeternal night.

" At thy clear warmth Creation blooms,
" The sterile glebe puts forth fresh flowers;
" Embalms the air with choice perfumes,
" With scented shades, and fragrant bowers."
WALKER.*

The genial influence of the Sun, the great fountain of light and heat to our system, has now already begun to awaken the latent powers of vegetation. The buds swell, the blossoms expand, the verdure of spring delights the eye, and the colours of the flowers afford a pleasing sensation to the mind, enjoyed in its perfection only by those, to whom these charms give a superior joy to that of the glitter of a ball-room, and the tumults of an assembly. All nature exults at the approach of this delightful season; her little choristers thrill their dulcet melody in the listening ear; her fragrant odours perfume the air, and her whole appearance causes peace and love to swell the enraptured bosom. The storms and frosts of desolate Winter have ceased to chill the heart, as well as to bind the streams in icy fetters: the tides of rapture flow, the rivulets wind through the meads—and LIGHT exhilarates the soul with that native pleasure, which is heightened by seeing it communicated to all animate beings around: producing emotions, which, after they have subsided, *leave no sting behind them.*

Perhaps it may not be useless to view some of the properties of this beneficial subtile fluid, whose influence is so energetic: and if any new *light* can be thrown on it, some *reflections* may be produced, not altogether without instruction or interest to the mind.

LIGHT is one of those blessings, of which we know not the value, or at least, are not so sensible of it, because it is so *generally diffused.* Those who have been in any degree deprived of its influence, are more susceptible of its pleasing exhilaration: and hence it is, that the increasing *light* of the Spring invigorates creation. It is not entirely the augmentation of the *heat* of this season, that produces this tonic effect; the greater part must doubtless be attributed to light. It is true that a moderate portion of heat enlivens: but it is also a fact, that the greater degrees which we experience, cause languor, debility, and listlessness; while light, on the contrary, strengthens and animates. Without it, indeed, creation itself would be a blank; the verdure of nature could neither exist, nor, if it did exist, be rendered visible; the tulip could not expand its gaudy colours, nor the blushing rose diffuse its fragrance.

To those who are ignorant of some of the branches of Natural Philosophy, it will appear very strange in any one to assert, that light is a component part of the atmosphere which they breathe; that Combustion is only the act of separating the various principles of the circumambient air from one another; that while some portions of them unite to the inflammable matter, or burning body, and form new combinations, the light and heat are merely *disengaged* from the air, and did not pre-exist in the substance which has been consumed; that hence the cheering influence of the FIRE-SIDE, and the brilliancy of the TAPER proceed—not from any *inherent light* they possess, but from that which they produce from the substances they *analyse* or decompose: that similar to the process of Combustion, Respiration and Fermentation also decompound the *air*, and that in these, high degrees of heat are evolved, and insensible quantities of light emitted; that in some cases, the heat produced is so great as to consume human bodies, and the light made visible by their ignition and inflammation: that the various hues of the rainbow issue only from the different degrees of refrangibility in the rays of the latter, and that plants without it, grow sickly, languish, and finally die: that the velocity of light is almost beyond our comprehension; that had each particle the gravity of a ten thousandth part of a grain of the finest sand, we should instantly become blind:—as it is proved by many facts, that the light of the sun reaches the inhabitants of the earth in seven minutes and thirteen seconds, the momentum which these infinitely small particles acquire, and the rapidity with which they move, are almost beyond conception! Yet all these, and many more collateral phenomena are TRUE.

The powerful stimulus of light on the human visual organ is evinced when debility is caused by any disorders of the eye, or when a morbid tendency of the humours is excited towards it. Darkness induces it to recover its strength, which, without an exclusion of *light*, would be in some cases entirely wasted, and total blindness ensue. Indeed, scarcely any person, however strong his sight may be, can view the intense light of a meridian sun many moments without injury. Nature, in her efforts to prevent danger, contracts the pupil of the eye, in order that a smaller body of rays may be admitted; and the energy of her exertions is frequently so strenuous, as to be evinced by paleness, and a languid, deathlike appearance.

* Persian Hymn to the Sun.

To those animals, however, which are necessitated to seek their prey by the aid of an intense light, Nature has sufficiently provided. And although the splendour of the sun is too vivid and dazzling for the proper vision of *man*, yet, among birds, the *eagle* possesses a sufficiently powerful sight to view this orb in his *meridian glories*; and makes the strength of the visual organ a criterion to determine whether its young be genuine: if these cannot steadily bear this strong degree of light, it is said, that they are immediately thrown from the nest, and left to perish; perhaps before they are perfectly fledged. The writers on Natural History, generally mention the sight of these, and some other birds, to be remarkably acute.

The rays of light experienced to be most favourable to the eye, are green and blue; perhaps from their property of producing less irritation on the retina: and these colours most frequently salute the sight, while the canopy of heaven is extended over us, and the carpet of vegetation is impressed by our feet. Such is the kindness of Providence in providing for our wants, and preserving us from injury, even while we are *insensible* of His bounties—even while our arrogance compels us to deny His holy power!

Our *fair ones* also, are indebted for their beauty to the beneficial influence of light. Excluded for any length of time from its stronger rays, lillies take the place of roses, and languor succeeds sprightliness.

Its reviving effect is more generally felt after its long absence; but the manner in which it acts on the mind, has frequently been mistaken. Its power is directed to the *body* first, and through the mediation of the optical and other nerves, it exhilarates the mind; much in the same way that other stimuli, such as wine and opium, affect it by the nerves of the *stomach*. Some falsely imagine that the mind feels the influence of light first, and conveys the sensation to the body; but the fallacy of this can be readily seen, for the nerves are our *organs of sensation*, and the moment in which either pain or pleasure is *felt*, the mind is made sensible of it through the intervention of the nerves. A beautiful landscape charms us in the same manner, by the proper disposition of its various colours, and the just proportion of light and shade acting on our organs of sensation, and not immediately on the mind itself; for as the mind is united to the body, it is only sensible of light and colours, *external* objects, sounds and odours, through the medium of the peculiar organs or nerves of our senses. The mind, however, possesses faculties which may be excited into action independently of the body. An association of ideas will heighten the charms of a beautiful prospect: the memory will recal events whose occurrence made a deep impression in some past hours: the imagination will wander uncontrolled over regions which the eye hath never seen; and the reason will connect links of ratiocination, in whose formation the senses have had no share. But who has ever heard of the rays of light exhilarating the heart of a blind man? in what instances have the melody and harmony of sounds produced joy in the mind of one, whose organs of hearing were incapable of exertion?

But—the departing light of the day prevents me at present from continuing my endeavours to *elucidate* this subject: and as I am not one of those who

"——grow still paler by the midnight lamps,"

my readers and I will wait until the splendour of some future morning shall enable us to enjoy the beneficial rays of LIGHT.

ORMOND.

An Elegy written in the Burial ground at ——————

Earth's highest station, ends in "here she lies,"
And "dust to dust" concludes her noblest song.
YOUNG.

In this neglected spot, where grazing kine
O'er many a mould'ring grave unconscious tread,
And with'ring weeds, and creeping brambles twine
Their gloomy foliage o'er promiscuous dead.

Well pleas'd I rove, when evening, pensive pow'r,
O'er the dim landscape spreads her curtain wide;
When Contemplation rules the silent hour
And bids each rude, tumultuous thought subside:

To pore on half-seen graves and, sauntering, muse
On those who here enjoy eternal rest,
While scenes recall'd to memory's eye, diffuse
A pleasing sadness o'er my soften'd breast.

Beneath this sod, with fragrant herbs o'ergrown
Sleeps what erewhile was fair Charissa's clay;
Without a swelling turf, or humblest stone
To tell the mourner where her relics lay.

Cold lies that bosom in this dreary bed,
To all the virtues, all the muses dear,
Clos'd are those eyes, forever prompt to shed,
At misery's tale the sympathetic tear.

There let me stand while darkness hovering round
Obscures creation, from intrusion free,
Indulge my woes, and wrapt in thought profound,
Converse, Charissa, with the grave and thee.

While fond remembrance wanders unconfin'd,
O'er former scenes and opens all her store,
Recall each charm of person and of mind,
And every grace (angelic maid) run o'er.

What tho' the unthinking, and the mirthful throng,
All mirthful down the stream of folly borne,
With vacant stare, unfeeling pass along,
While the loud laugh betrays the latent scorn.

They never knew Charissa, bounteous heaven
Ne'er favour'd these to taste of bliss like mine;
To them, the envied joy was never given,
To gaze in transport on her form divine.

Hers was each soft attraction, hers the power,
Each finer feeling of the soul to move,
Her mind a garden stor'd with every flower,
Her smile was beauty, and her eye was love.

No thirsty Arab with more joy could fly,
To the green vale, where chrystal fountains flow,
Than thou to wipe the tear from sorrow's eye,
And soothe the lone, dejected Child of wo.

But soon, alas! each tender scene was o'er,
To distant worlds thy parted spirit flew,
Methinks I see thee sleep to wake no more,
And sweetly look a long,—a last adieu.

Thy various worth, sweet maid! could nought avail
Disease and wo the vernal skies o'ercast,
Death rode triumphant on the empoison'd gale,
And the sweet flow'ret bow'd beneath the blast.

So Sol emerging from the shades of night
Thro' bright'ning ether pours the genial ray
But soon dark clouds o'erwhelm the sinking light,
And low'ring tempests close the mournful day,

Ah! what is man? proud monarch of a day!
An insect fluttering on the breeze of morn,
That waves its pinions in the solar ray,
A few short hours; then sinks in wo forlorn.

Around his bark fell disappointment storms,
As dark he sails down life's deceitful tide,
Before him death frowns in a thousand forms,
And grief and care assail on every side.

With thee, lov'd maid! I fondly hop'd to share,
Whatever blessing gracious Heaven might send;
With thee to wander thro' this world of care,
And in thy fostering arms my being end.

But fate forbade—and lo! I kiss the rod,
And humbly join the general song of praise,
To him who bows Creation at his nod,
Wise are his judgments just are all his ways.

TO THE SONS OF ONAS.

The speech of Gayashuta, of the Seneca Nation as given in charge by him to Cornplanter, to be by him delivered to the sons of his old beloved brother Onas.*

Brothers,

The sons of my beloved brother Onas,

When I was young and strong, our country was full of game, which the good SPIRIT sent for us to live upon; the lands which belonged to us, were extended far beyond where we hunted; I and the people of my nation had enough to eat, and always something to give our friends, when they entered our cabbins; and we rejoiced when they received it from us.

* *Onas* signifies quill, by which they speak of William Penn.

Hunting was then not tiresome, it was diversion, it was a pleasure.

Brothers,

When your fathers asked land from my nation, we gave it to them, for we had more than enough; Gayashuta was among the first of the people to say, "Give land to our brother Onas, for he wants it, and he has always been a friend to Onas, and to his children.

Brothers,

Your fathers saw Gayashuta when he was young: when he had not even thought of old age, or of weakness; but you are too far off to see him, now he is grown old: He is very old and feeble, and he wonders at his own shadow, it has become so little. He has no children to take care of him, and the game is driven away by the white people, so that his younger friends must hunt all the day long to find game for themselves, to eat—they have nothing left for Gayashuta, and it is not Gayashuta only, who is become old and feeble; there yet remains about thirty men of your old friends, who, unable to provide for themselves, or to help one another, are become poor, and are hungry and naked.

Brothers,

Gayashuta sends you a belt, which he received long ago from your fathers; and a writing which he received but as yesterday from one of you; by these you will remember him, and the old friends of your fathers in this nation.

Brothers,

Look on this belt and this writing; and if you remember the old friends of your fathers, consider their former friendship and their present distress: and if the good SPIRIT should put into your hearts to comfort them, do not disregard his counsel. We are men, and therefore can only tell you, that we are old, and feeble, and hungry, and naked, and that we have no other friends but you, the children of our beloved brother Onas.—

[We have been obligingly favoured with the following paraphrase of the 16th Chapter of Judith, among several other original poems, early productions of the late Dr. Samuel Cooper, as we think they cannot fail to be highly acceptable to our readers, we intend they shall appear in our succeeding numbers.]

THE SONG OF JUDITH.

Oh! let me touch the trembling string,
And tune my harp to loftier strains
The Great JEHOVAH's praise to sing,
Who Lord of all supremely reigns.

Who saw my hapless people's woes
Their wild despair, and heart-felt grief,
Quell'd the rude might of neighbouring foes,
And gave them Judith and relief.

When like a torrent from the north
Assur, imperious Prince, and vain,
With countless legions sallied forth,
To hurl destruction o'er the plain,

His myriad bands restrain'd the flood
And stayed the rapid torrents roar,
The distant hills far gleaming stood,
With groves of lances cover'd o'er.

Resolv'd my people to destroy,
And wield destruction's sword around,
My Virgins fair to make a prey,
And dash my infants on the ground.

But Heaven the scornful chieftain's* pride
With vengeful indignation view'd,
And breathless at a females' side,
Low laid him reeking in his blood.

For not before the warrior band,
The haughty chief was doom'd to yield,
No Giant-hero's potent hand
Hurl'd him all lifeless on the field,

Merari's daughter, Judith fair,
Possess'd of sovereign beauty's charms,
Allur'd him to love's treacherous snare,
And fill'd his soul with new alarms.

Her sable weeds she throws aside,
Intent to ease her people's woes,
Her ringlets shine in mitred pride,
And fragrance from her vestments flows.

With fierce desire his bosom beat,
His soul with lustful passion glow'd,
The faulchion blade soon quench'd his heat,
And left him weltering in his blood.

Her boldness struck the Persian bands,
With awe—the Mede astonish'd stood,
And warrior troops from hostile lands,
The martial dame with terror view'd.

My people saw the chieftain foil'd,
Their leaping hearts were fill'd with joy,
Th' Assyrian hosts with fear recoil'd,
And o'er the plain with terror fly.

The trembling dissipated bands,
With direful vengeance were pursu'd,
And prostrate thousands bit the sands,
And stain'd the flow'ring fields with blood.

So Heav'n decreed. With loud acclaim,
With gratitude let all resound,
JEHOVAH's everlasting name,
And hymn it to the nations round.

All sprung to being at his word,
Let all the wonderous Sovereign own,
The bounteous and Almighty LORD,
And bow before his lofty throne.

For who JEHOVAH can withstand?
The mountains tremble at his nod, * *
He speaks, and lo, the rocking land,
And stormy deep confess their God.

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* HOLOFERNES.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

"To the benevolent Club for lessening and exterpating the evils to which man, by nature, is liable, as well as those imposed upon him by custom."

Gentlemen,

IT is with considerable satisfaction that I have lately discovered, by reading a paper entitled, "the Evening Fireside," the existence of your club.—It immediately occurred to me, upon perusing your address to the fair sex of this metropolis, that you were the most suitable persons to write to upon a subject which I think calls loudly for attention. As I deem it an evil imposed upon us by custom, I conjecture, it must consequently come under your notice.

I believe, no person will deny, that the taste, which the fair discover, and the practices which they sanction, have great influence on society. If this position be a true one, I trust you will agree with me, that in this age of giddiness and frivolity it is necessary to remind the female part of the community of their dignity, by hinting to them those things, which you in common with the rest of mankind, must allow, are incompatible with it.—I may confess, that I have always had great veneration for the fair,—and that my most assiduous endeavours have been to render myself agreeable to them; yet I may tell you, gentlemen, that the accomplishment of this object has sometimes been at the expence of that consciousness (which I ever wish to carry about me) of having spent my time in such a manner as best comports with the dictates of reason and propriety.

You cannot, I presume be ignorant of their *indifference to*, I had almost said, absolute *contempt of* literary pursuits,—which so highly exalt the female character, and place it on such an enviable preeminence. Neither can I doubt, if this subject has arrested your observation, that you have beheld with pity and disgust minds which ought to be the sacred receptacles of the most valuable treasure stored with little more than a knowledge of the most recent fashion, or the most enamouring beau.

It would be presumptuous in me to dictate to your honorable body means, whereby a reform might be effected in that part of the community, which in a manner ultimately gives renown or infamy to our sex and to a nation. I shall, therefore, carefully avoid it, relying with the fullest confidence on *you* to devise some plan for the accomplishment of an object, which, while it shall prompt the female world to more noble pursuits, than at present engage it; will, at the same time, render essential service to society.

OBADIAH THOUGHTFUL.

March, 23th, 1805.

FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

BY J. S————,

Arrived from England to settle in Philadelphia, in the end of the year 1767.

Borne by Æolus on the Atlantic waves,
To Indian lands unknown, I wayward stray,
Whose verdant bosom, silver Schuykill laves,
Stately and silent as the close of day.—

Where rears the lofty spire its gilded crest,
And active Commerce drives the busy car;
In solemn pomp—by lib'ral nature dress'd,
Majestic rolls the mighty Delaware.

Tho' Heaven-born Freedom here maintains her state
Beneath the lenient rule of Albions' King;
While blooming plenty smiles in every gate,
Glad hills around and valleys, laugh and sing.

Still in my eye, the bright pellucid tear
In sadly pensive silence trembling stand;
While ties of nature, and of kindred dear
Prompt me, in vain, to hail my native land.

Tho' soothing friendship here, her healing balm
From unexpected hands, benign, bestows,
And o'er life's troubled surface spreads a calm
Which lulls to silent rest my former woes.

Still painful mem'ry prompts the gushing tear
(Her retrospective mirror in her hand)
Where lively images of kindred dear,
Inspire the wish to hail my native land.

Tho' manly health, with each returning sun
Sheds choicest blessings on my favour'd head,
And when the busy varied day is run
Still keeps his watchful station round my bed:

Yet still, beneath severe reflection's power
The numerous past transactions present stand,
And nature's strongest ties, each fleeting hour,
Urge me, in vain, to hail my native land.

Tho' wealth, the lordly power, by all ador'd
Seems, kindly to increase my little store;
And hardy temp'rance, with a frugal board,
Forbids pale dreary want to enter at my door.

Yet still, a gentle race of kindred dear
Like airy shades, conjur'd by magic wand,
Arise in view and force a briny tear,
A tear of rev'rence for my native land.

Tho' here, Religion—Heaven illumin'd fair!
Breathes free—by Papal shackles unconfin'd;
Prompts from the inmost soul the vital prayer
Alone well pleasing to the eternal mind;

Still to my troubl'd sight forever dear
Of relatives arise a valu'd band;
Nor can my eyes restrain the streaming tear—
A grateful tribute to my native land:

Nor can the tender solace of a wife
The lov'd idea from my breast erase;
Tho' much the dearest treasure of my life,
Adorn'd with every soft attractive grace.

The friendly forms—belov'd—forever dear
Stand forth confess'd, and beckon with the hand;
Adown my cheek fast flows the falling tear
While thus they call me to my native land.

Altho' the prospect of an offspring moves
Life's purple current glad'ning, thro' my breast;
The long-wish'd product of our mutual loves—
The sweetest semblance of a soul at rest.

Yet still impetuous gush spontaneous tears
Like Heaven-directed Nile o'er Memphis' strand,
To wisdom's calming counsels—deaf mine ears:
I pant, impatient, for my native land.

Say for what wise and kindly purpose given
This wond'rous impulse, when abroad we roam?
Did Fancy plant it? No. It is from Heaven
That joy springs blooming round the thought of home.

'Tis this, by liberty inspir'd, adorns
The brightest pages of Historic Truth,
While Asia's Chief, his wasted myriads mourns
Before the ardour of the Spartan Youth:

No wonder then, distills the pearly tear:
It streaming flows at Natures' high command.
The ties of kindred are forever dear,
And dear the mem'ry of my native land.

TO THE EDITORS.

The subsequent circular letter was written sometime ago in N. York; and sent to a number of young men, through the medium of the Post Office. Although the style is unharmonious and unconnected, and the writer appears to have given her remarks an importance, which is fanciful and ideal, and which the subject can neither merit nor support, yet some of of the observations may possibly be useful to *our* High, New, and Pine-street loungers: as a practice, similar to that which is so acrimoniously censured, exists in this city.

RASOLA.

To the young Men who attend the Meeting of Friends in this City.

A Female Friend, who has much at heart the reputation, as well as improvement, of every person attending our religious assemblies, has, for some time past, been desirous of submitting to the young men of this Meeting a few calm observations, relative to a custom, which she deems worthy to engage your serious consideration. She alludes to the practice of arranging yourselves on the opposite side of the street, and making observations on the different young women, who, coming out of meeting, are compelled to pass in review before you.

Besides the highly improper tendency of such an act of levity, on an occasion, when the mind has been, or ought to have been, but a few minutes before, engaged in the most serious and sacred of all its duties, there are even inferior considerations, which, it is believed, need only be brought before the minds of many, who have been drawn into the error, to convince them of its extreme indecorum, and therefore to induce an abandonment of the custom.

Few who are observed in this practice would be willing to have themselves regarded, or represented, as unpolished, indelicate, or disrespectful to the young women in the circles in which they severally move. May I not then with much emphasis inquire, whether it is not a cause for admiration, that the extreme indelicacy and rudeness of the custom I have adverted to, should have so long escaped your observation, and necessarily your exertion to prevent its recurrence.

To entertain a just idea of the merits of this indecorous behaviour, permit me to offer a parallel case for your consideration; and then be yourselves the judges how far the present custom is justifiable. Let me suppose you possess a beloved *sister*, or let me imagine that there exists one upon whom you have bestowed your affections, and whom you contemplate as your future *wife*. Could your feelings concur in having either of these two brought into a place of public show, in order to be exhibited as a candidate for the admiration of a rude company of spectators, like the degraded actress at a Theatre? If you can assent to the propriety of such a scene, then you can, as at present, continue to acquiesce in exposing these two endeared characters to the broad stare, the pointing finger, the fulsome compliment, or the rude criticism of an assemblage of your male associates.

Without presuming too much upon our merits, or without intending to offer you reasons for magnifying our vanity, I am willing to indulge the hope that the young women of the society possess, in your estimation, at least an equal share in those feelings of delicacy which are inseparable from female minds, whose peculiar traits, as represented by your sex, are innocence and sensibility. If this be an admitted fact, may I submit for your serious examination, whether your habit of making us this public spectacle can be reconciled with that *respect* which you profess to bear us, or that *civility* which you also profess an inclination to pay us? Is there an individual among you whose attachment would not be *lessened* for the object of his affections, could he have cause to perceive that this custom of exhibiting her, for the plaudits of an assemblage of young men, afforded her *pleasure*? for you could not trace this pleasure to any other source than the gratification of her *vanity*, and therefore arising from the *imbecility* of her *intellect*. If, then, you have reason to believe that this deportment does not afford us *pleasure*, is there a manliness or humanity in the willingness you evince to give us *pain*?

As an ardent friend to the meritorious in your sex, and an earnest well-wisher for our mutual improvement in every concern which is interesting to us both, I conjure you to bestow on me your con-

fidence, while I impress upon you the fact, that every young woman among us, who is *worthy* of your esteem, must be disgusted at so ungentlemanlike a deportment; for you surely give us cause to infer that you are dispossessed of those ordinary feelings of sensibility, which induce, on the part of the male sex, in every *civilized* country, a disposition to treat females with *respect:* and you also lead us to the mortifying reflection, that we are regarded by you as possessed of too little understanding to enable us to judge of the merits of the treatment we receive.

There is one consideration connected with this subject, which I regard as of very serious import, inasmuch as it intimately concerns the very reputation of the society; and this is, that the practice alluded to *is peculiar to the young men who attend Friends' Meeting!!* The writer is confident that a similar custom is not tolerated among the young men of any other denomination of Christians. This fact involves a melancholy inference too plain and intelligible to require elucidation, or even a comment, further than that it calls for a serious care that our conduct may not appear so reproachful, as to present a stumbling-block to those who, while visiting our meetings, must be struck with a flagrant breach of decorum, and an egregious inconsistency.

Some of the above observations, I am aware, are couched in terms of severity, unusual in those communications which originate in apprehended *duty*. I must, however, not do that violence to truth as to represent that I feel it necessary to apologize for them; having been led to apprehend that the evil was of a nature which was not likely to be removed by excessive diffidence in enumerating its effects. Of one point the writer feels assured, that these observations have been written, and submitted to your consideration, with the purest intentions, under an ardent hope that they may be of service in correcting a very exceptionable practice. Who the writer is, it cannot be material to any person to know; and measures have, therefore, been taken, which, she apprehends, will preclude the possibility of making the discovery.

With sincere love and earnest desire for the amendment of the individuals here addressed, not only as it respects their error in the practice we have dwelt upon, but in every other important concern, she concludes in the words of the Poet:

"With pleasure let us own our errors past,
"And make each day a critic on the last."

To which may she not add the solemn exhortation of another writer:

"Seize, mortals! seize the transient hour;
"Improve each moment as it flies:
"Life's a short summer—man a flower;
"He dies—alas! how soon he dies!"

PHILENIA.

P. S. Should this letter, through inadvertence, be sent to any who are not addicted to the practice above-mentioned, and who therefore ought not to be implicated in its disgrace, they will please to impute it to a mistake. The writer should be extremely sorry to class the *innocent* with the *guilty* on this occasion; for the *former* have as many claims on our commendation and encouragement, as the *latter* on our censure and discountenance.

New-York, 12th *mo.* 15, 1804.

SELECTED FOR THE EVENING FIRE-SIDE.

Important Medical Communication

ON THE DISEASE OF SCOLDING.

From the days of the Spectator to the present time, periodical writers have indulged in invectives against scolding, from an evident misconception of the true nature, principles, and practice of scolding. Nay, our ancestors were more to blame, because they went farther, and, considering scolding as a crime, invented a punishment for it.—Much light has never been thrown upon the subject; but, as I have made it my particular study for the last five and thirty years, that is, ever since I entered into the happy state of matrimony, I hope I shall have it in my power to dispel the darkness of ignorant and persecuting times, and contribute something to eradicate those unreasonable prejudices, which many gentlemen of our own days entertain against scolding.

The theory of scolding has been grossly mistaken. That which is a disease has been considered as a fault; whereas, in fact, scolding is a disease, principally of the lungs; and when the noxious matter has been long pent up, it affects the organs of speech in a very extraordinary manner, and is discharged with a violence which, while it relieves the patients, tends very much to disturb and frighten the beholders, or persons that happen to be within hearing.

Such is my theory of scolding, and if ew examine all the appearances which it presents, in different families, we shall find that they will all confirm this doctrine. It is, therefore, the greatest cruelty, and the greatest ignorance, to consider it as a crime. A person may as well be confined in jail for a fever, or transported for the gout, as punished for scolding, which is, to all intents and purposes, a disease arising from the causes already mentioned.

Nor is it only a disease of itself, but it is also, when improperly treated, the cause of many other disorders. Neglected scolding has often produced fits, of which a remarkable instance may be found in a treatise written by Dr. Colman, entitled, The Zealous Wife, in the fourth chapter, or act, as he calls it, of that celebrated work. On the other hand, where the scolding matter has been long pent up, without any vent, I have little doubt that it may bring on consumptions of the lungs, and those dreadful hysterical disorders which, if not speedily fatal, at least embitter the lives of many worthy members of society.—All these evils might have been averted, if the faculty had considered scolding in the light of a disease, and had treated it accordingly. In pursuance of my theory, I now proceed to the

SYMPTOMS.

The symptoms of scolding are these; a quick pulse, generally about one hundred beats in a minute; the eyes considerably inflamed, especially in persons who are fat, or reside near Wapping; a flushing in the face, very often to a great degree; at other times, in the course of the fit, the colour goes and comes in a most surprising manner: an irregular, but violent motion of the hands and arms, and a stamping with the right foot; the voice exceedingly loud, and, as the disorder advances, it becomes hoarse and inarticulate; and the whole frame is agitated. After these symptoms have continued for some time, they gradually, and in some cases very suddenly, go off; a plentiful effusion of water comes from the eyes, and the patient is restored to health: but the disorder leaves a considerable degree of weakness, and a particular foolishness of looks, especially if any strangers have been present during the fit. The memory too, is, I conceive, somewhat impaired; the patient appears to retain a very imperfect recollection of what passed, and if put in mind of any circumstances, obstinately denies them. These symptoms, it may

be supposed, will vary considerably, in different patients, but where they appear at one time, there can be very little doubt of the disorder.

PREDISPOSING CAUSES.

In all diseases, a knowledge of the predisposing causes will be found to assist us in the cure. In the present case, these causes are, irritability of the vascular system, an exaltation of the passions, and a moderate deficiency of natural temper.

OCCASIONAL CAUSES.

The occasional causes of scolding are many. Among them may be enumerated, the throwing down of a china bason, misplacing a hat, or a pair of gloves, or an umbrella; leaving a door open; over-doing the meat; under-doing the same; spilling the soup; letting the fire go out; mistaking the hour, &c. &c. with many other, which I do not think is very necessary to enumerate, because these causes are so natural, that we cannot prevent them, and because, whatever the occasional cause of the disorder may be, the symptoms are the same, and the mode of cure the same.

CURE.

Various remedies have been thought of for this distemper, but all, hitherto, of the rough and violent kind, which, therefore, if they remove the symptoms for the present, leave a greater disposition towards the disorder than before. Among these the common people frequently prescribe the application of an oak stick, a horse whip, or a leather strap or belt, which, however, are all liable to the objection I have just stated. Others have recommended *argumentation*; but this, like inoculation, will not produce the desired effect, unless the patient be, in some degree, prepared to receive it. Some have advised a perfect silence in all persons who are near the patient; but I must say that wherever I have seen this tried, it has rather heightened the disorder, by bringing on fits. The same thing may be said of *obedience*, or letting the patient have her own way. This is precisely like giving drink in a dropsical case, or curing a burning fever by throwing in great quantities of brandy. As the chief intention of this paper was, to prove that scolding is a disease, and not a fault, I shall not enlarge much on the mode of, cure; because, the moment my theory is adopted, every person will be able to treat the disorder secundum artem. I shall mention, however, the following prescription, which I never found to fail, if properly administered.

Take of common sense, thirty grains,
Decent behaviour, one scruple,
Due consideration, ten grains.

Mix, and sprinkle the whole with one moment's thought, to be taken as soon as any of the occasional causes appear.—By way of diet, though it is necessary to restrict the patient to a milk or vegetable diet, yet I have always found it proper to guard them against strong or spiritous liquors, or any thing that tends to heat the blood.

But it is now expedient that I should state a matter of very great importance in the prevention of this disorder, and which I have left till now, that my arguments on the subject may appear distinct, and may be comprehended under one view. It is commonly supposed, and, indeed, has often been asserted, that this disorder is peculiar to one only of the sexes; and, I trust, I need not add what sex that is. But although it may be true that they are most liable to it, yet it is certain, from the theory laid down respecting the pre-disposing causes, that the men are equally in danger. Why then do we not find as many males afflicted with scolding as we do females? For this plain reason,—scolding, as proved above, is the effect of a certain noxious matter pent up. Now this matter engenders in man, as well as in woman; but the latter have not the frequent opportunities for discharging it, which the men enjoy. Women are, by fashion and certain confined modes of life, restrained from all those public companies, clubs, assemblies, coffee-houses, &c. &c. where the men have a continual opportunity of discharging the cause of the disorder, without its ever accumulating in so great a quantity as to produce the symptoms I have enumerated. This, and this only, is the cause why the disease appears most often in the female sex. I would propose therefore, if I were a legislator, or if I had influence enough to set a fashion, that the ladies should, in all respects, imitate the societies of men; that they should have their clubs, their coffee-houses, disputing societies, and even their parliament. In such places, they would be able to take that species of exercise that tends to keep down the disorder, which at present accumulates in confinement, and, when nature attempts a discharge, the explosion is attended with all the violence and irregularities I have before enumerated.

Thus much I have ventured to advance respecting scolding, and I hope that I shall succeed in abating the unreasonable prejudices which have been fostered by an affected superiority in our sex, joined to a portion of ignorance, which, to say the least, renders that superiority a matter of great doubt. I have only to add, that my motives for all this have been perfectly disinterested, and that I shall be very happy to give advice to any person labouring under the disorder. Letters post paid may be addressed to

CELSUS BOERHAVE, M. D.

[*M. Mir.*]

FROM THE PERSIAN.

A certain person had a bird in a cage, which he carried in the Bazar and sold. The bird addressed the purchaser and said, what advantage can you derive from my confinement? If you will let me go I will give you three pieces of advice worth the universe.—The man consented on these conditions, and the bird spoke. "The first," says he, "I will give in the the cage, the second on your hand, and third on the tree."—This was likewise agreed to, and he began—Never be grieved for what is out of your power, nor be vexed for the loss of it, because it is irremediable." The man was pleased, took out the bird, and asked for the second advice, which was, "never listen to or credit things beyond possibility."—This also proved satisfactory; and the bird then taking his flight according to agreement, perched on the tree, and instead of a third advice, spoke thus—"Foolish credulous man, by quitting me what a treasure you have lost."—He asked what it was, "know," says the bird, "that in my belly there is a pearl of immense value; the weight near 20 sheckles."—When the man heard this, he appeared distracted, and tore his hair for vexation. When the bird saw his distress, he again addressed him—"Ridiculous man, you but a moment ago heard my salutary admotion, and have already forgot it, did I not tell you not to grieve, for what is out of your power, or believe in impossibilities? You see that I am now entirely out of your power, why, then, lament? Again observe that my whole body is not more than six sheckels, how then can it contain twenty? But now listen to my third and last advice which was my original purpose.—Under this tree you will find a vessel filled with Gold: take it up from under the earth, and apply it to your wants.

The man accordingly dug and found the treasure, and looking at the bird, he said, "It is strange you should see money under the earth and not see the snare above in which you were caught?" "Ignorant man," says the bird, "dost thou not know that when the author of the universe intends to bring forth an event, the eyes not only of birds but the most clearsighted men, are deprived of the vision for the occasion."

THE MAN-WOLF.

From the Portuguese of M. D'Oliveira.

The Man-Wolf in Portugal, is called Lupus-horno, and vulgarly Lubis-homen. The idea which the Portuguese have of these people is very extraordinary. The Lupus-horno, they say, is a man who at night changes his natural form for that of a wolf or a great dog, after grovelling for sometime in a place which had been previously occupied by one of those animals. It is called a Fado, or a destiny which he cannot avoid, if he is a seventh son of the same father and mother, without the intervention of any daughter. The Lupus-horno being impelled by his fado to range the public streets, the dogs pursue, torment, and worry him. The man-wolf, or, as the French style him, the Loupgaron, defends himself as well as he can till the time of his restoration to humanity arrives, and rescues him from their fury. He carefully avoids the sight of man the whole time he is under the influence of his fado. But he is often as anxiously sought after by those whose presence he shuns, in order that they may strike at him with their swords. For it is believed that, if they should happen to draw blood from the object of which they are in quest, the beast will instantly be transformed into the man again, who will never afterwards be molested by his fado. The numberless examples of the efficacy of this sort of phlebotomy, which are related in Lisbon as indisputable facts, have often induced me to try whether I could not find out a loupgaron, and open a vein of the poor wretch with the point of my sword. It must be confessed that Lisbon, especially in very dark nights, swarms with dogs.—I have often met between thirty and forty dogs fighting with one another in a most terrible manner; but though I have wounded a great number of them, I cannot say that I ever had the good fortune to rid any poor devil of his fado. The recollection of the cruelties of which I have been guilty towards these innocent animals, has really, at times, given me great pain, since I have parted with the superstitious prejudices of my country.

I remember, when I was a lad, several persons were mentioned, as being possessed with the fado; and I was assured that our neighbour, M. D'Andrade, was one. He was very thin, austere in his manners, extremely ugly, and in complexion a mulatto. He was, notwithstanding, a good sort of a man, and an upright, zealous, and disinterested judge. But I always looked upon this person as a lupus-horno, and many others regarded him in the same light. While an infant, I shrunk from the sight of him, as he passed by the door. At fourteen or fifteen I constantly got out of his way when he came upon a visit to my father. And it was not till I had learnt the use of the sword that I began to grow familiar with, and to visit him. I then wished most heartily for an opportunity of meeting him in the night, that I might have a good thrust at him with my weapon, and so release him from his unhappy fado. When I first saw M. da Cunha, who was the Portuguese ambassador at the Hague, in May 1734, I could not help saying to myself, "That is doubtless a good man and a wise minister, but his figure is precisely that of a lupus-horno." Several other Portuguese who saw him, conceived of him exactly as I had done. How blind is superstition!

AGRICULTURAL.

THE SUGAR MAPLE.—The maple not only affords an excellent sugar, but a pleasant molasses, an agreeable beer, a strong sound wine, and an excellent vinegar.

The following receipts for making each of them have been obtained from persons who have succeeded in the manufacture of them, and are earnestly recommended to those citizens of the United States, who live in the neighbourhood of sugar maple trees.

TO MAKE MAPLE SUGAR.

Make an incision in a number of maple trees, at the same time, in the months of February and March, and receive the juice of them in earthen or wooden vessels. Strain the juice (after it is drawn from its sediment) and boil it. Place the kettle directly over the fire in such a manner, that the flame shall not play upon its sides. When it is reduced to thick syrup, and cooled, strain it again, and let it settle for two or three days; in which time it will be prepared for granulating. This operation is performed by filling the kettle half full of syrup, and boiling it a second time. To prevent its rising too suddenly, and boiling over, add to it a piece of fresh butter or fat, of the size of a walnut.

You may easily determine whether it is sufficiently boiled to granulate, by cooling a little of it. It must then be put into bags or baskets, through which the water will drain, so as to leave it in a solid form. This sugar, if refined by the usual process, may be made into as good single or double refined loaves, as ever were made of the sugar obtained from the juice of the West India cane.

MAPLE MOLASSES.

This may be made in three ways: 1st, From the thick syrup, obtained by boiling after it is strained for granulation. 2dly, From the drainings of the sugar. 3dly, From the last drainings of the tree (which will not granulate) reduced by evaporation to the consistence of molasses.

MAPLE BEER.

To every 4 gallons of water, (while boiling) add a quart of maple molasses.—When the liquor is cooled to blood heat, put in as much yeast as is necessary to foment it. Malt or bran may be added to this beer, when agreeable. If a table spoonful of the essence of spruce is added to the above quantities of water and molasses, it makes a most delicious and wholesome drink.

MAPLE WINE.

Boil 4, 5, or 6 gallons of sap (according to its strength) to one, and add yeast in proportion to the quantity you make. After it is fermented, set it aside in a cool place, well stopped. If kept for 2 or 3 years, it will become a pleasant sound wine, in every respect equal to the second class of wines imported from foreign countries. This wine may be rendered fragrant by the addition of a little sliced magnolia root, or any other aromatic substance.

MAPLE VINEGAR.

Expose the sap of the maple to the open air, in the sun, and in a short time it will become vinegar.

By these receipts, large quantities of each of the above article have been made in the frontier counties of New-Hampshire, Massachusetts, New-York, and Pennsylvania. A German farmer in Northumberland county, Pennsylvania,

(where the maple trees grow as plentifully as oak and pines in many other places) made 300 pounds of sugar in one year, which he sold to his neighbours and to travellers, for nine pence a pound. From the value of these trees, and the many uses to which their sap has been applied, the new settlers have learned to preserve them with as much care as if they were apple or other fruit trees. From the facility with which they may be cultivated, and the profit which can be had from them, it is plain, that a farmer in an old country could raise nothing on his farm with less labour, and nothing from which he could derive more emolument, than the sugar maple tree.

[*N. E. Rep.*]

SUMMARY OF INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.—Captain Beadle, of the ship Hare, arrived at New York in 35 days from Lisbon, reports that the Toulon fleet of 15 sail of the line, had put to sea—and it was supposed that the Brest fleet, had also sailed.

JOSEPH RUDEMAKER, Esq. charge des affaires and Consul General from the Regent of Portugal to the United States, who came passenger in the above mentioned ship, informs us, that the Spanish ports are opened; that intelligence had been received of the French fleet having sailed from Toulon, consisting of fifteen sail; that the Brest fleet was also said to be out; and that the U S. frigate Constitution, captain Rodgers, had left Lisbon three days before the Hare for the Mediterranean.

Various accounts are given of the French squadron said to have arrived at Dominica, from Rochefort. One states, that they had succeeded in reducing that island, excepting two forts, which were expected soon to surrender, when an attempt would be made against Antigua.

Another account says, they had been repulsed by the inhabitants, and that, after burning the town of Roseau, they had sailed for Guadaloupe.

By a letter from the Consul of the U. S. at St. Jago de Cuba, dated the 25th ultimo, it appears, that port is now opened for American vessels, bringing flour and provisions.

The same letter states, "During a month past, flour in this city has been from 40 to 60 dollars a barrel. 'Tis now said, that two days more will finish the last barrel of flour of the best supplied baker in this city."

Capt. Sheffield, who arrived at Charleston the 10th inst. in 17 days from St. Domingo, informs that the Brigand army had approached within a short distance of that place, and that an embargo was momentarily expected on vessels in port.

With respect to the epidemic that has recently prevailed at Malaga, the following observations have been made:—It was less fatal to females than to males, and it appears that it had no influence on old women, for they continually assisted the sick without being attacked by it. Persons of a delicate constitution were also less subject to its fatal effects than those of a robust constitution. In regard to the negroes it scarcely produced any effect on them.

DOMESTIC.—In the house of Representatives of this commonwealth, on the 12th inst. were presented two several memorials, of similar tenor, from sundry citizens of Chester county, praying the Legislature to adopt such measures, as they shall deem proper and expedient, for the purpose of calling a convention, in order to revise and amend certain parts of the Constitution of this commonwealth. The principal amendments alluded to in said memorials, are as follow, to wit:

First—To reduce the election of Senators from a quadrennial to an annual period.

Second—To limit the extension of Executive patronage, in making lucrative appointments.

Third—And such reform of the judiciary, as will render it less complex, prolix and expensive; and enable the citizens to procure justice, without fail, denial or delay.

And said memorials were read, and referred to a grand committee, consisting of one from each county.

Memorials to the Legislature are in circulation for the signatures of those who are averse to the assembling of a convention, having for its object any change in the constitution of this commonwealth.

It is said that the bill for incorporating the Merchants' bank in New York has passed the house of Assembly by a majority of 12; and there was no doubt at Abany, that the Council of Revision would confirm the said act.

Doctor Hunter, who was appointed by the President of the United States, conjointly with Mr. Dunbar, of Natchez, to explore the Ouachitta river and its borders, arrived at New Orleans on the 9th ult. on their return from their tour. These gentlemen have compleated the object of their mission, and have procured materials for an accurate chart of the river, and the immediate country it passes through. The Doctor gives a flattering account of the country, generally, through which he passed. He found a great variety of soil and situation—sometimes a low flat country, whose whole surface is overflown by the river in the wet season—sometimes high and eligible, and at others broken and rolling: but generally fertile, and capable of the highest cultivation. He ascended the river about 500 miles, and found it uniformly gentle and beautiful (the velocity of the current not being more than half a mile an hour) from 80 to 100 yards in width, and capable of being navigated with boats (with but few obstructions, which are easily removed) as high as the Little Missouri, a distance of 450 miles.—The Doctor, who is a chemist and mineralogist, found few objects worth notice—Iron could not be found in sufficient quantities to justify the erecting a furnace, and no other mineral of sufficient consequence to be named—Coal was found in places, but not in abundance, and of a very inferior quality. The country abounds in salt springs, some of which are of equal strength with the water of the ocean. He visited the famous medicinal or hot springs of Ouachitta, and found them amongst the greatest natural curiosities in the country—they issue from a hill or mountain, of upwards of 200 feet in height, and near 100 feet from its base—and on immersing the thermometer it rose in some to 130, and in others to 150 degrees, Farenheit—the surface of the ground for some distance round is so warm, as to be felt by the feet in walking over it, and snow melts on it immediately as it falls.—The Doctor is of opinion that they possess extraordinary medical virtues.

From the information we have obtained from Doctor Hunter, and other gentlemen who have visited the Ouachitta country, we are induced to believe that there are few parts of Louisiana that hold out greater temptations to emigrants. Situated on a fine river; a variety of soil; eligible situations; a pure, salubrious atmosphere; and mild temperate climate: these are advantages of which few parts or the world can boast.

It appears from the statement of the committee of distribution, that 3292 families, and 1199 individuals, who had been reduced to difficulties by the inclemency of the season, have been relieved by the bounty of their fellow-citizens.

Rumour says, that Aaron Burr, Esq. the late Vice President, will attend to traverse his indictment. In the ensuing court of Oyer and Terminer and General Goal Delivery, in and for the county of Bergen [N J.]

Interments in the different burial grounds of the city and liberties of Philadelphia, from the 16th to the 23d instant, Adults 14—Children 15—Total 29.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

At this time when our TAPER has ceased to glimmer, and PHOSPHORUS no longer illumines our columns, ORMOND has arisen, and lo! we have "LIGHT!"

N C's communication on Happiness, together with several others already received shall appear in our next.

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